

THE
FORTVNATE ISLE
and
THEIR VNION.

celebrated in a
MASQUE
design'd for the Court, on the
Twelfth night.

1624

Frances, countesse de Vigny



THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

His Mat^{ie} being sett,

ENtreth in, running, *IO HPHIEL*, an
aëry spirit, and (according to the *Magi*)
the *Intelligence of Iupiters sphere*: Attired in
light silks of seuerall colours, with wings of
the same, a bright yellow haire, a chaplet of
flowers, blew silke stockings, and pumps,
and gloues, with a siluer fan in his hand.

JOHPHIEL.

Like a lightning from the skie,
or an arrow shot by *Love*,
Or a Bird of his let fly;
Beet a Sparrow, or a Doue:
With that winged hast, come I,
loosed from the Sphere of *Love*,
To wish good-night
to your delight.

To him enters a Melancholique Student,
in bare and worne cloathes, shrowded vnder
an obscure cloake, and the eaues of an old
hatt, fetching a deepe sigh, his name, Mr.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

MARE-FOOLE.

Oh, oh!

IOHNSON.

In *Saturn's* name, the Father of my Lord !
What over-charged peice of *Melancholie*
Is this, breakes in betweene my wishes thus,
With bombing sighes ?

MARE-FOOLE.

No ! no Intelligence !

Not yet ! and all my vowes now nine dayes old !
Blindnes of fate ! Puppies had scene by this time :
But I see nothing ! that I should ! or would see !
What meane the Brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse*,
So to desert their votary !

JOHNSON.

O ! tis one
Hath vow'd himselfe vnto that aerie order,
And now is gaping for the flic they promis'd him.
I'll mixe a little with him for my sport.

MARE-FOOLE.

Haue I both in my lodging, and my diet,
My cloaths, and euery other solemne charge
Obseru'd hem ! made the naked bords my bed !
A fagot for my pillow ! hungred sore !

JOHNSON.

And thirsted after hem !

MARE-FOOLE.

To looke gaunt, and leane !

JOHNSON.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

IOHPHIEL.

Which will not be.

MERE-FOOLE.

(Who's that?) yes, and outwatcht,
Yea, and out-walked any Ghost aliue
In solitarie circle, worne my bootes,
Knees, armes, and elbowes out!

IOHPHIEL.

Ran on the score!

MERE-FOOLE.

That haue I (who suggests that?) and for more
Then I will speake of, to abate this flesh,
And haue not gaind the sight;

IOHPHIEL.

Nay scarce the sense,

MERE-FOOLE.

(Voice, thou art right) of any thing but a cold
Wind in my stomacke.

IOHPHIEL.

And a kind of whimsie.

MERE-FOOLE.

Here in my head, that puts me to the staggers,
Whether there be that Brotherhood, or no.

IOHPHIEL.

Beleeue fraile man, they be: And thou shalt see.

MERE-FOOLE.

What shall I see?

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

IOHPHIEL.

Mee.

MERE-FOOLE.

Thee? Where?

IOHPHIEL.

Here. If you

Be Mr. Mere-Foole.

MERE-FOOLE.

Sir, our name is Mery-Foole.
But by contraction Mere-Foole.

IOHPHIEL.

Then are you
The wight I seeke: and Sr. my name is Iohphiel,
Intelligence to the Sphere of Jupiter,
Anaëry iocular spirit, employ'd to you
From Father Ovtis.

MERE-FOOLE.

Ovtis? who is hee?

IOHPHIEL.

Know yee not Ovtis? Then know Nobody:
The good old Hermit, that was said to dwell
Here in the forest without trees, that built
The Castle in the airc, where all the Brethren
Rhodostaurotick liue. It flies with wings,
And runnes on wheeles: where Julian de Campis
Holds out the brandisht blade.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is't possible
They

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

They thinke on mee?

Io n P H I B L.

Rise, be not lost in wonder,
But heare mee, and be faithfull. All the Brethren
Haue heard your vowes, salute you, and expect you,
By mee, this next returne. But the good Father
Has bin content to die for you.

M E R E - F O O L E.

For mee?

Io n P H I B L.

For you. Last New-years day, which some giue out
Because it was his Birth-day, and began
The yeare of *Iubile*, he would rest vpon it,
Being his hundred fiftie and twentieth yeare:
But the truth is, hauing obseru'd your *Genesis*,
He would not liue, because he might leaue all
He had to you.

M E R E - F O O L E.

What had hee?

Io n P H I B L.

Had? An office,

Two, three, or foure.

M E R E - F O O L E.

Where?

Io n P H I B L.

In the vpper Region:

And that you'll find. The Farme of the great Customes,
Through all the Ports of the Aires Intelligences;

Then

THE FORTY-NINE ISLES.

Then Constable of the Castle Rosy-Crosse:
Which you must be, and Keeper of the Keyes
Of the whole Kaball, with the Seales; you shall be
Principall Secretarie to the Starres;
Know all their signatures, and combinations,
The diuine rods, and consecrated roots.
What not? Would you turne trees vp like the wind,
To shew your strength? march ouer heads of armies,
Or points of pikes, to shew your lightnesse? force
All doores of arts, with the petarr, of your wit?
Reade at one view all books? speake all the languages
Of feuerall creatures? master all the learnings
Were, are, or shall be? or, to shew your wealth,
Open all treasures, hid by nature, from
The rocke of Diamond, to the mine of Sea-coale?
Sir, you shall doe it.

M E R E - F O O L E .

But how?

I O N P H I E L .

Why, by his skill.

Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot: this little gally pot,
Of tincture, high rose tincture. Ther's your a Order,
a He gives him a Rose. You will ha' your Collar sent you, er't be long.

M E R E - F O O L E .

I lookt Sr. for a halter, I was desperate.

I O N P H I E L .

Reach forth your hand:

M E R E - F O O L E .

O Sr. a broken sleeve
Keeps

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

Keepes the arme back as'tis i'the prouerbe.

LOPHIEL.

Nay,

For that I doe commend you: you must be poore
With al your wealth, & learning. Whē you ha'made
Your glasses, gardens in the depth of winter,
Where you will walke invisible to Mankinde,
Talkt with all birds & beasts in their owne language,
When you haue penetrated hills like ayre,
Diu'd to the bottome of the Sea, like lead,
And ris' againe like corke, walk't in the fire
An 'twere a *Salamander*, pass'd through all
The winding orbes, like an Intelligence,
Up to the *Empyreum*, when you haue made bluoW
The World your gallery, can dispatch a busines:
In some threc minuts, with the *Antipodes*,
And in fve more, negotiate the *Globe* ouer,
You must be poore still.

LOPHIEL.

By my place, I know it.

LOPHIEL.

Where would you wish to be now? or what to see?
Without the fortunate purse to beare your charges,
Or wishing hat? I will but touch your temples,
The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o' your nose, with this *Collyrium*
And you shall see i' the aire all the *Ideas*,
Spirits, and *Atomes*, Flies, that buz about
This way, and that way, and are rather admirable,
Then any way intelligible.

LOPHIEL.

SH

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

M B R E - F O O L E .

O, come, tinct me,
Tinct me: I long, saue this great belly, I long.
But shall I onely see?

I O N P H I E L .

See, and command
As they were all your vallets, or your foot-boyes:
But first you must declare, (your Greatnes must,
For that is now your stile) what you would see,
Or whom.

M B R E - F O O L E .

Isthat my stile? My Greatnes, then,
Would see King Zoroastres.

I O N P H I E L .

Why you shall:
Or any one beside. Thynke whom you please?
Your thousand, Your ten thousand, to a million:
All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.

M B R E - F O O L E .

I haue nam'd him.

I O N P H I E L .

You haue reason.

M B R E - F O O L E .

I, I haue reason.
Because he's said to be the Father of coniurers,
And a cunning man i'the starres.

I O N P H I E L .

I, that's it troubles vs.
A little for the present: For, at this time

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

He is confuting a French Almanack,
But he will straight haue don, Ha' you but patience;
Or thinke but any other in meane time,
Any hard name.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Hermes Trismegistus.*

IONPHIEL.

O, ὁ τρισμέγιος? Why, you shall see him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I said to you afore. Or what do you thinke
Of Howle-glaſſe, in ſtead of him?

MERE-FOOLE.

No, him

I haue a minde to.

IONPHIEL.

O', but *vlen-spiegle*
Were ſuſh a name! but you ſhal haue your longing.
What lucke is this, he ſhould be buſie to?
He is waighing water, but to fill threē houreglasses,
And marke the day in pen'orths like a cheeke,
And he has done. Tis ſtrange you ſhould name him
Of all the reſt! there being *Iamblicus*,
Or *Porphyrie*, or *Proclus*, any name
That is not buſy.

MERE-FOOLE.

Let me ſee *Pythagoras.*

IONPHIEL.

Good.

MERE-FOOLE.

or *Plato,*

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

LOPHIEL.

Plato, is framing some Ideas,
Are now bespoken, at a groat a dozen,
Three grosse at least: And, for Pythagoras,
He has rashly run himselfe on an imployment,
Of keeping Asses from a feild of beanes;
And cannot be stau'd off.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, Archimedes.

LOPHIEL.

Yes, Archimedes!

MERE-FOOLE.

I, or Æsop.

LOPHIEL.



Nay,

Hold your first man, a good man, Archimedes,
And worthy to be seene; but he is now
Inventing a rare Mouse-trap with Owles wings
And a Catts-foote, to catch the Mise alone:
And Æsop, he is filing a Fox tongue,
For a new fable he has made of Court;
But you shall see 'hem all, stay but your time
And aske in season; Things ask'd out of season
A man denies himselfe. At such a time
As Christmas, when disguising is o' foote,
To aske of the inventions, and the men,
The witts, and the ingines that moue those Orbis!
Me thinkes, you should enquire now, after Skelton,
Or Mr. Scogan.

MERE-FOOLE.

Scogan

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

Scogan? what was he?

JOSEPH PHILIPPE LA SCOGAN
O a fine gentleman, and a Master of Arts,
Of Henry the fourth's times, that made disguises
For the Kings sonnes, and writ in ballad-royall
Daintily well.

M E R E - F O O L E.

But, wrote he like a Gentleman?

JOSEPH PHILIPPE LA SCOGAN

In rime! fine tinckling rime! and flowand verse!
With now & then some sense! & he was paid for't,
Regarded, and rewarded: which few Poets
Are now adies.

M E R E - F O O L E.

And why.

JOSEPH PHILIPPE LA SCOGAN

'Cause every Dabler
In rime is thought the same. But you shall see him.
Hold vp your nose.

M E R E - F O O L E.

I had rather see a Brahman,

Or a Gymnosophist yet.

JOSEPH PHILIPPE LA SCOGAN

You shall see him, Sir.

Is worth them both. And with him ~~Dame~~ ~~Skelton~~,
The worshipfull Poet Laureat to K. Harry
And Tytress of thosetimes. Aduance quick Scogan,
And quicker Skelton, shew your craftie heads,
Before this Heyre of arts, this Lord of learning,

This

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

This Master of all knowledge in reuersion.

Enter SKOGAN. and SKELETON
in like habits, as they liu'd.

SCOGAN.

Seemeth wee are call'd of a morall intent
If the words, that are spoken, as well now be ment.

JOHNSON.

That Mr. Scogan I dare you ensure.

SCOGAN.

Then, Sonne, our acquaintance is like to indure.

MERE-FOOLE.

A pretty game! like Crambe. Mr. Scogan,
Giue me thy hand. Thou'art very leane, me thinks.
Is't liuing by thy witts?

SCOGAN.

If it had bin that,
My worshipfull Sonne, thou hadst ne'r bin so fatt.

JOHNSON.

He tels you true Sr. Here's a gentleman
(My paire of crafty Clearkes) of that high caract,
As hardly hath the age produc't his like.
Who not content with the witt of his ownetimes,
Is curious to know yours, and what hath bin,

MERE-FOOLE.

Or is, or shall be.

JOHNSON.

Note his Latitude!

SKELETON.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

O, vir amplissimus !
(Vt scholis dicimus)
Et gentilissimus !

IOH PHIBL.

The question-issimus

Is, should he aske a sight now, for his life ;
I meane, a person, he would haue restor'd,
To memorie of these times, for a Play-fellow ,
Whether you would present him, with an *Hermes*,
Or, with an *Howle-glass* ?

S K E L T O N .

An *Howleglasse*
To come, to passe
On his Fathers Asse ;
There never was,
By day, nor night,
A finer sight:
With sethers vpright
In his horned cap,
And crooked shape,
Much like an Ape.
With Owle on fist,
And Glasse at his wrist.

S K O G A N .

Except the fourre Knaues entertain'd for the guards,
Of the Kings, & þ Queenes that triumph in þ cards.

IOH PHIBL.

I, that were a sight and a halfe, I confesse,
To see 'hem come skipping in, all at a messe !

S K E L T O N .

THE FORTVNATE ISLES,

SKELTON.

With *Elinor Rummung*.

To make vp the mumming;

That comely Gill,

That dwelt on a hill,

But she is not grill;

Her face all bowfy,

Droopic, and drowsie,

Scuruy, and lowfy,

Comely crinkled,

Wondersly wrinkled,

Like a rost pigs eare,

Bristled with haire.

SCOGAN.

Or, what do you say to *Ruffian Fitz Ale*?

IOHNPHEI.L.

An excellent sight, 'if he be not too stale.

But then, we can mix him with moderne *Vapors*,

The Child of *Tobacco*, his pipes, and his papers.

M A R E - F O O L E.

You talk'd of *Elinor Rummung*, I had rather
See *Ellen of Troy*.

IOHNPHEI.L.

Her you shall see.

But credit mee,

That *Marie Ambree*

(Who march'd so free)

To the siege of *Gaunt*,

And death could not daune,

THE FORTY-NATE ISLES.

As the Ballad doth vaunt,
Were a brauer wight,
And a better fight.

SHELTON.

Or Westmister Meg,
With her long leg,
As long as a Crane;
And feet like a plane :
With a paire of heeles,
As broad as two wheelles;
To drive downe the dew,
As she goes to the stew:
And turnes home merrily,
By Lambeth ferry.

Or you may haue come
In, Thomas Thumb.
In a pudding fatt
With Doctor Ratt.

JOHN H. BROWN.
I, that! that! that!
We'll haue 'em all,
To fill the Hall.

The Cottage

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

The Antimasque followes.

Consisting of these twelue persons, Owle-glas, the foure Knaues, two Ruffians Fitz-ale, and Vapors; Elnor Rummning, Mary Ambree, Long-Meg of Westminster, Tom Thumbe, and Doctor Ratt.

Which done,

MERE-FOOLE.

What! are they vanish'd! where is skipping Skelton?
Or morall Scogan? I doe like their shew
And would haue thankr hem, being the first grace:
The Company of the Rose-Crosse hath done me.

IOH PHIEL.

The company o' the Rose-crosse! you wigion,
The company of Players. Go, you are,
And wil be stil your selfe, a Mere-foole, In;
And take your pot of hony here, and hogs greace,
See, who has guld you, and make one. Great King,
Your pardon, if desire to please haue trespass'd.
This foole should haue bin sent to Antycira,
(The Ile of Erebore,) there to haue purg'd,
Not hop'd a happie seat within your waters.
Hearre now the message of the Fates, and Ione,
On whom those Fates depend, to you, as Neptune
The great Commander of the Seas, and Iles.
That point of Revolution being come

When

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

When all the Fortunate Islands should be ioyn'd,
MACARIA, one, and thought a Principall,
That hetherto hath floted, as vncertaine
Where she would fix her blessings, is to night
Instructed to adhere to your BRITANNIA:
That where the happie spirits liue, hereafter
Might be no question made, by the most curious,
Since the Macarij come to doe you homage,
And ioyne their cradle to your continent.

Here the Scene opens, and the Masquers
are discouer'd sitting in their severall seiges.
The aire opens aboue, and A P O L L O with
Harmony, and the spirits of Musique sing,
the while the Island moues forward, Proteus
sitting below, and hearkning.

24 ATQVA

Song: Natura
Looke forth the Shepheard of the Seas,
And of the Ports that keepe the keyes,
And to your Neptune tell,
MACARIA, Prince of all the Isles,
Wherin there nothing growes, but smiles,
Doth here put in, to dwell.
The windes are sweete, and gently blow,
But Zephyrus, no breath they know,
The Father of the flowers:
By him the virgin violets liue,
And every plant doth adouise,
As men, as are the howers.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

CHORVS.

Then, thinke it not a common cause,
That to it so much wonder drawes,
And all the heauens consent,
with Harmony to tune their notes,
In answer to the publique votes,
That for it vp were sent.

By this time, the Iland hauing ioyned it selfe to the shore; PROTEVS, PORTUVNVS, and SARON come forth, and go vp singing to the State, while the Masquers take time to ranke themselues.

Song.

PROTEVS.

I, now, the heights of Neptunes honor shine,
And all the glories of his greater stile
Are read, reflected in this happiest Ile.

PORTUVNVS.

How both the aire, the soile, the seat combine
To speake it blessed!

SARON.

These are the true groves,
where ioyes are borne,

PROTEVS.

where longings,

PORTUVNVS.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

PORTVNVS.

and where lowes?

SARON.

That line!

PROTEVS.

That last!

PORTVNVS.

No intermitted wind
Blowes here, but what leaues flowers, or fruit behinde.

CHORVS.

Tis odour all, that comes!
And euery tree doth give his gummes.

PROTEVS.

There is no sicknes, nor no old age knowne
To man, nor any greife that he dares owne.
There is no hunger there, norenuy of stale.
Nor least ambition in the Magistrate.
But all are euen-harted, open, free,
And what one is, another striues to be.

PORTVNVS.

Here all the day, they feast, they sport, and spring;
Now dance the Graces Hay, now Venus Ring:
To which the old Militians play, and sing.

SARON.

There is ARION, tuning his bold Harpe,
From flat to sharpe.

PORTVNVS.

And light Amacrom,
He still is one.

C 3.

PROTEVS.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

PROTHEVS.

Stesichorus there, too,
That Linus, and old Orpheus doth our-doe
To wonder.

SARON.

And Amphion! he is there.

PORTVNVS.

Nor is Apollo dainly to appeare
In such a quire, although the trees be thick,

PROTEVS.

He will looke in, and see the aires be quick,
And that the times be true.

PORTVNVS.

Then, chanting,

PROTEVS.

Up, with their notes, they raise the Prince of Men.

SARON.

And sing the present Prophecie that goes
Of ioyming the bright LILLIE, and the ROSE.

CHORVS.

See! all the flowres

PROTEVS.

That spring the banks along,
Do moue their heads unto that under-song.

CHORVS.

SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS, helpe to bring
Our Primrose in, the glorie of the spring!
And tell the Daffadill, against that day,
That we prepare new Gyrlands fresh as May.
And entwaine the Myrtle, and the Bay.

This

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

This sung, the Island goes back, whilst the
Upper Chorus takes it from them, and the
Masquers prepare for their figure.

CHORVS.

Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loues of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Add all the softnesses of Courts,
The lookes, the Laughters, and the sports.
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.

The Masquers dance their Entry
or first dance.

Which done, the first Prospectiue, a Maritime Palace, or the house of Oceanus is discouered to lowd Musique.

The other aboue is no more seene.

IOHPHIEL.

Behold the Palace of Oceanus !
Hayle Reuerend structure ! Boast no more to vs
Thy being able, all the Gods to feast;
We saw enough : when ABBION was thy guest.

The

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

The measures.

After which, the second Prospectiue, a Scene
is showne, to the former Musique.

I O N P H I E L.

Now turne; and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where *Protens* heards, & *Nepunes* Orkes do keep,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pastures greene
New wayes are found, and yet no paths are scene.

Here *Protens*, *Portunus*, *Saron* goe vp to the
Ladies with this Song.

PROTEVS.

Come noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The toyes, for which you so prouide:

SARON.

If not to mingle with the Men,
what do you here? Go home agen.

PORTUNVS.

Your dressings doe confess,
By what wee see, so curious parts
Of Pallas, and Arachnes art,
That you could meane no lesse.

PROTEVS.

Why do you weare the silke-wormes toyles,
Or glorie in the shell-fissh spoiles;

Or

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

Or strive to fetch the graine of Ore
That you have gather'd on the shore,
whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emeralds on,
Or any better water'd stone,

SARON.

Or Rubie of the rock?

PROTEVS.

Why do you smell of Amber-gris,
Of which was formed Neptunes Neice,
The Queene of Loue: unless you can
Like Sea-borne Venus loue a Man?

SARON.

Try, put your selfes unto it.

CHORVS.

Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that meeke,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feete,

Do promise you will do.

STANES CANTICUS ET CANTUS HOMINUM.

The Reuels follow,
Which ended, the Fleet is discouered, while
the threec Corners play.

LOPHIEL.

Tis time, your eyes should be refresht at length
With something new, a part of NEPTUNES strength,
See, yond, his Fleet, ready to goe or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,

D.

So.

THE FORTUNATE ILES.

So to secure him, both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.

Then the last Song.

PROTEVS.

Although we wish the glorie still might last
Of such a night, and for the causes past:
Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Iles,
Giue Proteus leaue to turne unto his wiles.

PORTVNVS.

And, whilst young ALBION doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to thy Ports,

SARON.

And Saron to thy Seas:

To meet old Nereus, with his fiftie girles,
From aged Indus laden home with pearles,
And Orient gummes, to burne unto thy name.

CHORVS.

And may thy subiects hearts be all one flame.
Whilst thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds, do'st suffer no debate,
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of Peace.

After which, their last Dance.



